

Livores Mortis

"D-I-V-O-R-C-E"

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Our little boy is four years old and quite a little man
So we spell out the words we don't want him to
understand
Like T-O-Y or maybe S-U-R-P-R-I-S-E
But the words we're hiding from him now tear the heart
right out of me
Our D-I-V-O-R-C-E becomes final today me and little J-O-
E will be going away
I love you both and this will be pure H-E double L for me
Oh I wish that we could stop this D-I-V-O-R-C-E

Watch him smile he thinks it's Christmas or his fifth
birthday
And he thinks C-U-S-T-O-D-Y spells fun or play
I spell out all the hurting words and I turn my head
when I speak
Cause I can't spell away this hurt that's dripping down
my cheeks
Our D-I-V-O-R-C-E...

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